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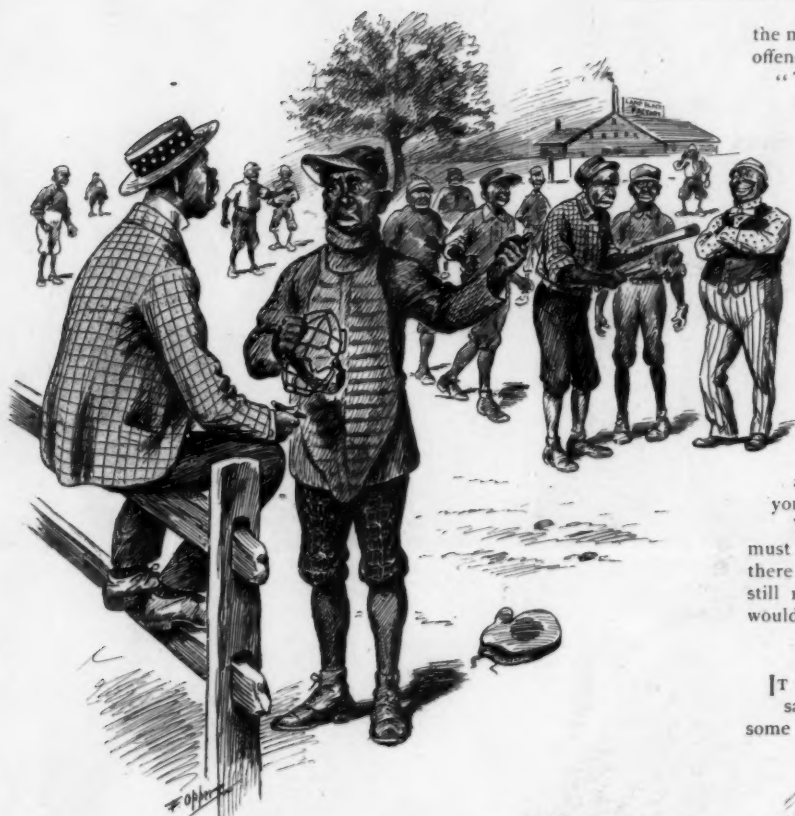
Puck

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NOT QUITE READY.

THE BEAR.—War is very, very cruel! Could n't it be arranged to have universal peace — at least till I get through with my dinner?

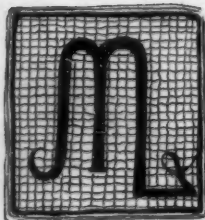


WHY THE GAME STOPPED.

SPECTATOR.—What 's de trouble? What are dey stoppin' de game for?

CATCHER.—Why, one o' de players jest got mad and hit de umpire right ovah de haid wif a bat; and it was de only bat we had.

"THE BICYCLE HEAD."



ANY MEN, and possibly some women, have discussed in print the effects of bicycle-riding upon man's physical structure; the effects of that same upon his mental nature appear to have been overlooked by those who talk about things in print. Yet those effects are not less marked than is the bicycle face or the scorcher's hump.

The bicycle has sown the seeds of conceit in many a naturally humble mind, and has caused them to grow as rapidly as grows the East Indian fakir's mango tree that is made of green rubber, in consecutive sizes, which are adroitly displayed in ascending succession by means of Oriental dexterity and a dark cloth. The bicycle has caused the development of such cases of pneumatic head as were never to be found on the morning thereafter among the participants in a bacchanalian revel. There is every reason to believe that the original "high horse" was a bicycle.

Have n't you ever noticed it? Of course you have! Being a conscientious person you will not make denial when the question is thus put to you. But you have n't had the moral courage to say in print what you have observed. You have dreaded the wrath of the wheelmen, for they are many, so many that politicians have bowed down to them and enacted legislation to which railroads were opposed, simply because the bicyclists wished, nay, demanded, that it be enacted. Just think of it! No wonder

the mere thought of saying anything that might offend bicyclists causes you to tremble!

"The man on horseback" is n't in it with the man on the wheel. Place the most humble and diffident American citizen on a bicycle and teach him to ride it, and he is transformed. He becomes conscious of power and superiority of which he had never dreamed he was possessed. He feels that he is upon a plane immeasurably above that upon which human bipeds that merely walk have their being.

Notice him as he skims along the pave. Observe his air of authority and the stand-aside-and-let-me-pass expression on his haughty countenance. Hear the imperative command of his shrill bell or whistle to clear the way. Note the look of indignant surprise which he flashes at you if you do not scramble out of his way with the rapidity which, in his opinion, the occasion demands. If you move so slowly that he actually has to turn aside a little to avoid possible damage to his wheel by colliding with you, you would fall dead if looks could kill.

What it is that makes the change in a man when he rides a wheel must be left to psychologists to determine. The fact is true. Of course there are exceptions to this rule as to all others. There are bicyclists who still regard the person on foot as a man and brother. But their votes would never elect a man to office in the L. A. W.

Arthur Lucas.

[T IS said that one can not dance without paying the piper; but, at the same time, one may pipe without being able to collect much from some of the dancers.



EVIDENTLY HONEST.

JUNIOR PARTNER.—Vot makes you t'ink dot new bookkeeper vas above susbicion?

SENIOR PARTNER.—His cash neffer palances.



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CLOSE OBSERVERS.

JACK.—Let's play house. I'll be the father, and you'll be the mother.
DOLLY.—Yes; and I'll come to you and ask you for money to buy a new dress.
JACK.—Yes; there you go! That's just you! You always want to do something to raise a fight.

THE QUARREL.

HE'S GOING away on the morrow,
I never shall see him again;
And I—I am left in my sorrow
To bear all the gossip and pain.
We've parted forever and ever,
He left me in anger and scorn;
And, oh! how I wish I had never,
No, never been born!

I'm sending back all of his letters,
Exactly one hundred and four;
And ev'ry last one is in tatters.
From being read over and o'er.
'T was mostly my fault; oh!
I know it!
He flirted, it's true, but it
was
A mistake to be jealous—and
show it,
Whatever the cause.

I've got such a headache from crying;
I wish I were dead—yes, I do;
For life is so dreadfully trying,
I'm feeling so wretched and blue.
Perhaps when I'm gone he'll be sorry—

A caller? The card! Oh! it's Jack!
Jeannette! Quick, my slippers; do hurry!
He's here! He's come back!

Richard Stillman Powell.

HIS OPINION.

SHORT.—I borrowed fifty from him two months ago, and I have n't seen him since.
PYCRUST.—Been keeping out of his way?
SHORT.—No; I think he's been keeping out of my way.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

GETTHAR.—I called up the Van Kicker's by 'phone last evening, to find out if Van Kicker was there before calling on the daughter, and the old man answered it himself.
GOODUN.—The deuce! What did you do?
GETTHAR.—Told him his office building downtown was on fire.



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THE INFLUENCE OF CIVILIZATION.

HIS LITTLE SON (*in the Indian tongue*).—Here is the pale face, Papa. Would n't you like to burn him at the stake?
STEWED DOG (*the Chief*).—No; but I'd like to work him for a drink.

PUCK:

THE VIEWS OF VIOLA.

"WISH I were good!"

Viola's face, seen in the gleam of the driftwood fire, looked almost tearful.

"No; I'm not. I'm positively wicked! I—I do the meanest things! Oh! if you only knew! "But—" rather tremulously—"I'm glad you don't: if you did you would n't—would n't like me. Perhaps you don't, anyhow!"

This was not a question; rather, an assertion made in such melancholy tones that the setter raised his eyes to Viola's face and sympathetically tapped his tail twice upon the rug. Presently Viola continued more brightly:

"Well, I'll not tell you how wicked I am!

I'm not going to take such a risk. And, besides, perhaps I'd be sorry to-morrow, for it's only on bluish days that I feel so wicked. Perhaps I'm not very, very bad, after all?" There was a distinct, interrogatory tone in this; and, whatever the answer was, Viola seemed comforted. She even sat up a little straighter, as though suddenly impressed with the memory of some forgotten virtue.

"I wonder why it is that I always *do* feel remorseful and wicked on rainy days? Do other people? Don't you think the weather exercises an immense influence over us? I've often thought that even crime might be traced to it. Anyhow, they say unpleasant weather results in an increase in the suicide rate. Perhaps, if we could control the weather by artificial means, we could do away entirely with wickedness. Would n't that be nice?"

"Criminologists would starve? Let them. I would n't care. I'm sure they must be very low persons, anyway,—studying and writing about such horrid subjects. But, just think! the Department of—of Weather Control could arrange a calendar for every month; so many sunny days, so many cloudy days, so many rainy days; for, of course, there'd have to be *some* rain, if only to make the violets and roses grow. Wheat and potatoes? Yes; those, too. Besides, if there was no rain, I'd have no chance to wear my new macintosh that I brought home from London.

"Then," pursued Viola, nodding approvingly at the flames, although doubtless in commendation of her own ideas, "when one wanted to give a lawn party or a yachting affair, all one would have to do would be just to look in the calendar and select a nice, fair day.

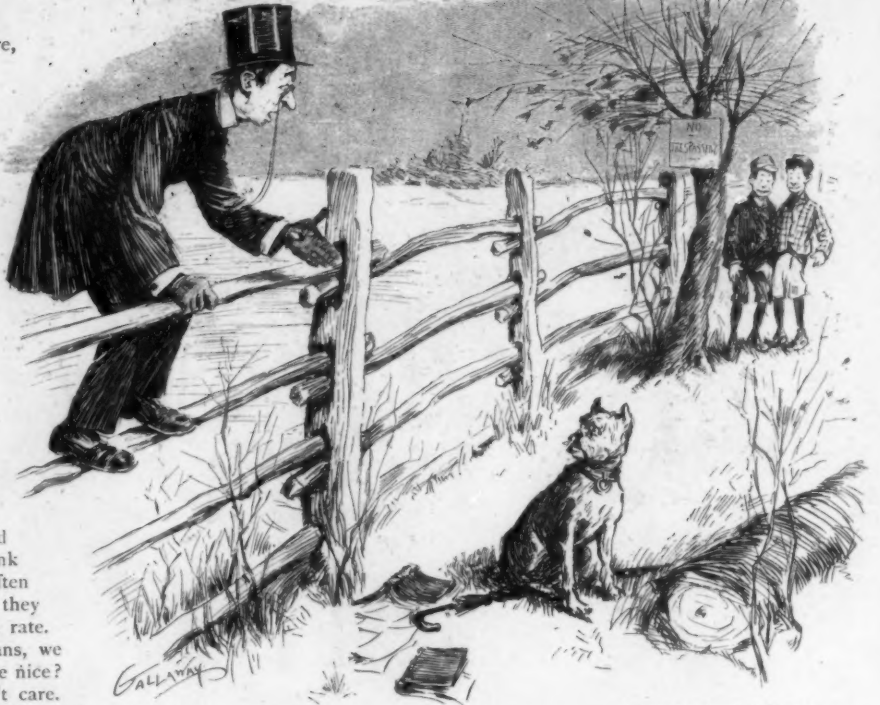
"Might have all the rains on Sundays? Indeed, no! Sundays are awful enough when they're bright. I wonder why? But if one could n't go to church—!

"My macintosh? Yes; but I could n't wear it Sunday after Sunday, Stupid. People would think I had nothing else. Comfortable in hot weather? You silly thing! Do be serious! I believe you'd try some stupid joke if—if I had a headache!

"You would n't dare? I don't see why. I'm sure my temper's at its best then. I just feel blue and—and lonely; something like on a rainy day, only a wee bit worse. And, do you know, when I think of it, I believe most of my headaches come on rainy days? Do you suppose there's something in the air that makes headaches?

"Neuralgic headaches? Yes; but I did n't mean just that. I thought perhaps—Do you know, Maude Keswyck says she's never had a headache in all her life! Is n't that perfectly wonderful? And she's such a frail-looking girl! Why do you suppose it is?

"Poor memory? Oh! I don't think she'd fib. I dare say it's because she's so careful of herself. She never drinks iced water, never walks in the sun, always wears thick-soled boots; and



PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

REV. MR. JONES.—Good doggy;—he's a nice doggy—

TOMMY.—Gee! An' he tole me in Sunday-school to never tell a lie!

never dances too much. But, perhaps, that's not altogether *her* fault. But I'm sure I'm careful, too. Of course, I'm not so particular about dancing as she is, and I guess I do go around a good deal in the sun; but, still—Oh!"

Viola clapped her hands rapturously, and flew to the window.

"It's actually clearing off! See! there's the sun! Is n't it just lovely? And—Oh!—do you suppose it would be very, *very* wet on the rocks? You don't? You're a perfect—you're awfully nice!"

Viola paused at the foot of the stairs, and turned her face toward the library door.

"Is n't it queer? Now that the sun's out again, I don't feel the least bit remorseful or wicked, or—or anything—except just—just happy!"

R. S. Powell.

HIS TROUBLE.

JACK.—Did n't you have the nerve to propose?

BOB.—No;—I was too nervous.

A PURIST.

"Why are you crying, Bobby? What happened to you?"

"N-N-Nuffin; Pop intended to d-do it."

POSSESSION is nine points of the law—lawyers' fees, etc., are the other ninety-one points.



HER COMPLAINT.

YOUNGWED.—Why, you have had your own way ever since we've been married! MRS. YOUNGWED.—Yes; but I did n't expect to have so much trouble about it.



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WHEREIN THEY DIFFER.

LUCILLE MOKEBY.—Wal, gals must hab new clothes oncet in a while.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—Yes;—but boys must n't, 'cept when dey grow out of dere old ones.

A BALLADE TO RHYMESTERS.

ALL YOU who weave in purling rhyme,
You scribes known as the "garret crew,"
Who speak of hyssop, myrrh and thyme—
As if such things were known to you!—
Who talk about the "sparkling dew,"
The "rippling brooks," the "cooling woods,"
Be not so proud; you owe it to
The little Rhymester known as Hood's!

Whene'er you end a line "sublime,"
You 'll find, dear scribes, 't is ever true,
To get the proper mating "ime"
That little book you wander through!
In every line there is a clue
By which we earn our livelihoods,
The source of all our revenue,
The little Rhymester known as Hood's.

Its pages marked by thumb and grime,
Its rhymes that march from "A" to "U,"
A music in a lettered chime
From which our rosal fancies grew!
Give you the credit where 't is due,
Say not yours is unfettered goods;
'T is not the Muses Nine you woo:
The little Rhymester known as Hood's!

L'ENVOY.

Ah! Prince, what would we rhymesters do
When on the hunt for "coulds" and "woulds,"
If from our presence it withdrew,
The little Rhymester known as Hood's?

Harold MacGrath.

THE POSTER CRAZE has served to show, at least, that the possibilities of art are nothing compared with its impossibilities.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"It is too bad that we had to leave," said Eve, after the expulsion.
"Yes," said Adam, who was more or less of a philosopher. "Still, we can't tell what sort of a place Eden would have been in Winter."

IN EXPLANATION.

CRABSHAW.—What do you mean by cheating me like this? You said this chain I bought here would last a lifetime, and here 's all the plating worn off in a month.

GOLDSTEIN.—Mine frendt, I said dot shain would last you a lifetime, because when you puy it you look so sick I did n't t'ink you would live der week oudt.

HIS TROUBLE.

TOM.—Her father won't do anything?

JACK.—No;—and how can I ask a girl who was brought up in the lap of luxury to buy furniture on the installment plan?

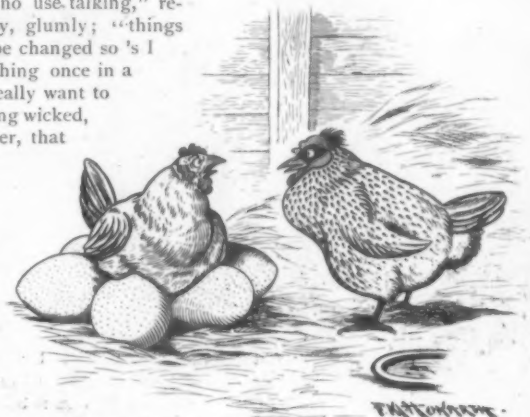
AN ULTIMATUM.

"There 's no use talking," remarked Bobby, glumly; "things have got to be changed so 's I can do something once in a while that I really want to do without being wicked, or I 'm a goner, that 's all!"

HIS ABILITY.

REPORTER.—Can you substantiate that statement?

McLUBBERTY.—Naw, sorr; but Oi can prove ivery dom wor-rud Oi hov said!



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INGRATITUDE.

"Sometimes I feel that it is n't worth while to raise a family."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, I 've raised lots of families, and as soon as they 're able to do for themselves they pay no more attention to me than if I was an incubator."

MORE IMPORTANT.

HER AUNT.—"Beauty is only skin-deep."

THE BEAUTY.—But the impression it makes is not.



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WHY HE KICKED.

LOVER.—Stop, Mr. Oatcake, stop! I never kissed or hugged your daughter in my life! Really, I never did!

MR. OATCAKE.—That 's why I 'm kicking ye, ye varmint! Bin coming here fer over a year, and never got within three feet uv her! Ye need n't think ye kin snub Sal no longer!



Drinking in the Winter
— When I have the price —
Thus I sing of roses
Midst the snow and ice.
I've done a lot of rhyming
That no one's ever seen;
But, getting close to Nature,
May bring the lengthy green.
Let others write for glory
And at my jingles jeer —
That last line 's me exactly.
"Jest a-lyin' here."
Carl Currie.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

"He said I lied!" snorted the boy.
"But," observed the mild-looking peacemaker, "your conscience told you that he was not only rude but mistaken."
"No, it did n't, neither! It told me ter biff 'im in the eye fer givin' me away!"

HIS ANSWER.

LITTLE IKEY. — Fader, vot ish "untoldt vealth?"
OLD SWINDLEBAUM. — Dot vich der tax assessor don't findt oudt apoudt, mein sohn.



AN ADVANTAGE.

THE BOARDER. — Good-by! I may see you again next Summer.
THE FARMER. — I wish ye could come up in the Winter. We have great times in Winter. No Summer boarders to bother you. Good-by! Think it over.

COMPLETE.

CLARA. — Here is a book on Love and Marriage.
GERTRUDE. — It ought to be interesting, as it takes up both sides of the question.

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM.

(With a Pinch of Attic Salt.)

LYIN' in the clover
Where the shade is deep;
Lyin' here too lazy
Fur to even sleep.
Watch the clouds a-driftin'
Down the Summer's blue,
Floatin' kind o' sleepy
— Clouds is lazy, too.
See the flecks o' sunshine
Siftin' thro' the trees,
Hear the robin tweeter
Rockin' in the breeze.
Drinkin' in the Summer
The glory of the June,
While the breezes murmur
A drowsy, dreamy tune.
I've heard a lot o' preachin'
I never understood,
But gettin' clost to Natur'
Does a feller good.
Let others chase enjoyment
Or strive for worldly gear;
But this suits me azackly,
— Jest a-lyin' here.

(The Facts in the Case.)

FEBRUARY 4th.

Sitting in my attic
High above the street,
Writing stuff for Summer
So that I may eat.
Watch the sleet a-streaming
Down the window pane,
While Midsummer madness
I am forced to feign.

See the flakes of coal-soot
Sifting thro' the wires;
Hear the sparrows chatter,
Roosting on the spires.
That's great inspiration
For a dream of June —
(I'll sell this for two dollars
And a half this afternoon).



VERY NEAR IT.

"I came very near killing a man, long, long ago," said good old Aunt Philenda, musingly.
"Why, Auntie!" exclaimed her niece, incredulously.
"Yes, my dear. He said he could not live without me, and I rejected him."
"And he died?"
"Oh, no! He lived," answered the old lady, with a twinkle in her eye; "but if he had kept his word and died, I suppose I'd have been responsible. So you see how near I really came to killing him."

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

"Poor Gayboy used to think that advertising paid."
"And does n't he now?"
"No. You see, he advertised for a wife in a matrimonial paper — and got one."

WHAT SHE CALLED IT.

MAUD. — I'm a little uneasy in my mind. Ned asked me to marry him, and I told him I might, some day. Now, would you call that a promise?
MARIE. — No; — I should call it a threat.

TOO SMALL TO ANNOY HIM.

THE VISITING CLERGYMAN. — Did n't you ever listen to the still small voice?
THE FLIPPANT CONVICT. — Oh! I did n't mind a little thing like that.

INVARIABLY.

In Nature all things fitted are,
And so, beyond a doubt,
The pocket is the place wherein
A law-suit will wear out.

HIS FEELING.

MRS. HOON. — I think, dear, that this apparent misfortune is really a blessing in disguise.
HOON. — Huh! That may be; but it will have to establish its identity before I accept it with resignation.
"THRICE is he armed who hath his quarrel just," but we do not construct battle-ships on that principle.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PEACE VIA RUSSIA. WHEN A RULER comes out with a plea for peace and a plan for making it universal, a moment of awkwardness follows. No one knows exactly what to say. Of course, peace is beautiful and the world with it would be a better place to live in for every one of us, high and low. But there is a well-rooted conviction that universal peace is a dream. A man may know for himself that he wants it, but he can't get over doubting that his neighbor wants it. The proposal of Czar Nicholas shows about this state of mind in the world at large. If his sincerity were unquestioned there would still be the objection that his plan is visionary. However well the value of peace has been tested, no one seems to think that the sons of men are through warring. The very suggestion of disarmament creates an attitude of sneaking distrust among the nations concerned. Unfortunately, too, Russian sincerity, in this instance, does not go without question. It may be ungracious, but there is the condition: Russia will not be in first-class fighting trim for at least four years. Peace, for that length of time, would be a boon to her. It is small wonder, then, that her professions at this moment are not received at their face value. There may be peace for a time; but if there is, it will probably not come as the result of any peace congress: not from disarmament but from active arming.

FRANCE AND DREYFUS. THE DREYFUS drama continues to unfold in a way to amaze even the most daring forecaster. The artistic satisfaction which it should afford M. Zola must surely atone for the personal inconvenience to which his exile has put him. Events are working remorselessly up to a culmination that promises to satisfy the keenest artistic instinct. The suicide of Lieutenant-Colonel Henry following hard upon his confession of a most infamous forgery leaves the stage free for some more astounding development. That this will be promptly forthcoming there can be little doubt. Where so much rottenness has come to the surface there must be more just beneath, with the same upward tendency. The French Government appears to have been shamed at the ninth hour into a revision of the Dreyfus trial. This will constitute the fifth and last act of the drama, providing the French Government makes an honest effort to do justice to its victim. If it persists, however, in trying to hide any part of the scandal it will only defer the *finale* to the grievous damage of its own reputation.

OUR ARMY SCANDALS. THERE IS need of a table of statistics bearing on our war which we have thus far failed to see in print. It should show the number of American soldiers killed by Spanish bullets and the number killed by Politics. We already have the first item. About three hundred of our men fell in the fighting. The number dead of disease is now about fifteen hundred, and the end is not yet. Of this number a certain proportion of the deaths were legitimate, but there is no blinking the fact that a certain other proportion may be put down as official murder. Time will be needed to determine these proportions. It can not be done at this writing, as transports loaded with sick and wounded soldiers are still coming in in conditions that are eloquent of official crime. There is plainly a day of reckoning ahead for our Secretary of War. Up to date there have been only evasions, excuses and recriminations. No sooner has the blame been traced to one official than he has dexterously shouldered it on to some one else. But this can not go on. The people are coming face to face with a frightful record of criminal incompetency, and they will not be put off with stump speeches and wavings of the flag.

HARD LUCK. WITH ALL that is sung in praise of peace, it has been a calamity to certain political booms. With the very best fighting intentions the politicians in our army have found it difficult to face death for their country's sake. It seems almost unfair.

What would not Col. Bryan, for example, give for the glory that halos the name of Roosevelt? He began making speeches through his uniform the moment the Governor of Nebraska metamorphosed him from a politician into a military expert, and he left a trail of eloquence behind him from Omaha to Jacksonville. The proprieties demanded that he return with one arm in a sling and a bandaged forehead, modestly deprecating the tales of his valor which a loving populace would tirelessly recite. Instead, he has been privileged to face nothing more dangerous than a camera, nor is he reported even to be wan and wasted by camp life. Far be it from us to intimate that Col. Bryan and a few other unfortunates would not have fought bravely. We are merely sorry that they have been forced to seek fame at the camera's mouth exclusively. Pictures of a candidate in uniform seated in front of his tent reading important despatches are well enough; but not potent like an empty sleeve or the tale of a desperate charge led up to the enemy's guns.

ONE OF OUR ADVANTAGES.

UNCLE HIRAM.—They say the sun never sets on the British Empire.
AUNT HANNAH.—Does n't it now? And we have such magnificent sunsets over here!

IN DAYS OF OLD.

The official bulletin of the War Department read as follows: "A despatch has just been received from Caesar. He says, '*Veni, vidi, vici.*'" The Roman people were plainly annoyed.
"Why in Tartarus does n't he send particulars?" they asked in one voice.

UNCLE SAM is conducting a campaign of education.

THE AVERAGE man thinks he is above the average.



AN APPEAL.

WAITER.—It won't take long, Madam.
GUEST.—I hope not! Please don't be as slow as the Commissary Department at Washington.



J. OTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

AFTER THE CAMPAIGNS — RETURN

PUCK.



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RETURN OF THE CONQUERING HEROS.



THE HORRIBLE CLIMAX.

ETHEL.—Algy, dearest, I think now is the time to tell you a little secret. Papa has promised to settle fifty thousand dollars upon me the day I marry —

CONCERNING WAR STORIES.



THOSE PERSONS who are conversant with periodical literature know that a good many of the short stories of the day are masquerading in war plumage; that, stripped to their skeletons, they would be found to have nothing necessarily warlike about them. Up to this Summer, they had lain forgotten in dusty pigeon-holes, awaiting the crack o' doom; but the public's greed for a war-flavor to all their literary dishes has caused their astute creators to dress them in regimentals (to change the simile), stick a feather in their caps and sell them as all-wool war goods.

And the end is not yet. We may expect to see 17th or 18th Century stories licked into acceptable shape in some such fashion as this:

"Pretty Dorothy Bradford stood at the door of her father's log cabin, just two doors west of Plymouth Rock. She was thinking hard. She had landed from the 'Mayflower' the day before and she still felt the motion of the ship, but her thoughts sped in other directions. In her mind's eye she could see the standard of Spain, and the Stars and Stripes, as yet unmade, while her mind's ear caught the sound of Mauser bullets and the boom of heavy cannon.

"A moving-van stood in front of the door. It was filled with spinning-wheels, reels, highboys, lowboys, and other antique heirlooms, so beloved by the 'Mayflower' passengers. Dorothy's children (if she should marry) and, at any rate, her grandchildren would prize them, not because of their intrinsic worth, but because they came over in the 'Mayflower.'

"Of what are you thinking, daughter?" said Dame Bradford, her mother, as she bade the moving men be careful not to break the French mirror on the gas jets in the hall.

"I 'm wondering whether we'll get Porto Rico, Mother," said the girl, lifting her eyes with her hand. They were so light that she could easily do it.

"Again those strange names and wonderings. Porto Rico, Havana, Cuba, the Philippines, Dewey, Manila, Miles, Sampson,

Shafter, Hobson, Weyler, Sagasta, Schley, Alphonso, McKinley, Roosevelt, Blanco and W. R. Hearst. Have a care, my daughter, or the neighbors will say that thou hast knowledge of the Black Art! Why pratest thou of battles with the Spanish on land and sea, and of ironclads? The pesky Indians, clad in skins, will make battles enough for us.'

"Dorothy's eyes grew large and round, and she answered: 'I see the boys in blue gallantly fighting,' etc., etc."

It is easily seen that if that were called "Dorothy Bradford's Prophetic Vision; or, The Cuban War Foretold," it would sell as easily as a Dewey egg-beater.

Burn Dorothy as a witch for harping on Weyler's cruelties as contrasted with our invariable kindness to our Indians, bring in Cotton Mather, dilute a little tincture of marywilkins and add it to the concoction and no editor could withstand it.

Charles Battell Loomis.

REUNITED.

The North and South have become reconciled. The astute paragraphers of the daily press do not permit us to lose sight of this blessed fact for an instant. But the war has also effected another reconciliation, which the gentlemen seem not to have noted, and which is as important, in a way, as the first. The flannel shirt-sleeves of the West are twined in an ecstasy of brotherly love about the three-inch standing collar of the East. Praise to the God of battles!

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

DYER.—Bullion lost a cool million yesterday.

DUELL.—Got caught in wheat?

DYER.—No; his daughter married a count.

POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE.

"I guess playin' golf is suthin' like smokin'."

"How?"

"Well, most people don't like it at first, but they learn it because they have friends that does it."

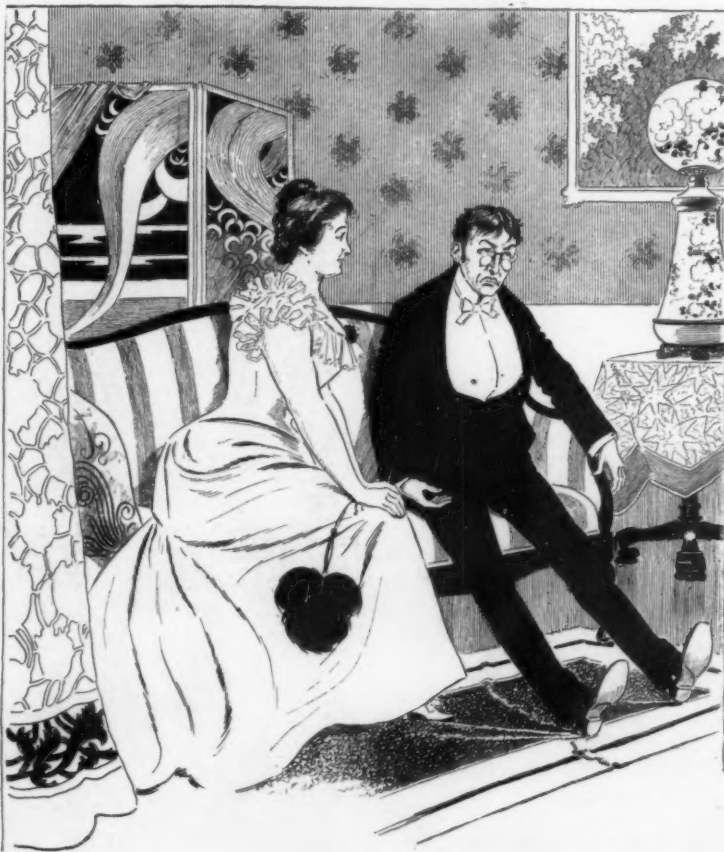
GOES HIM ONE BETTER.

His baby talked when eight months old,

And so he blew his horn;

And yet the Bible says Job cursed

The day that he was born.



II.

— anybody but you!

TWO VIEWS.

WHEN all our efforts pass for naught,
When things do not go as they ought,
Or we've not found that which we sought,
We marvel at the dull world's imbecility;
But when we have achieved success,
And all our friends their praise express,
We certainly can not do less
Than pride ourselves upon our own
ability.

W. L. W.

THE PROPER IDEA.

LITTLE BROTHER.—Polly, what is a hero?
SMALLER SISTER (*promptly*).—A 'Merican, o' tourse!

IN BEAUTIFUL LAWNHURST.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—And so Nebuchadnezzar was compelled to eat grass! Now, was n't that an awful punishment?

LITTLE BOBBY COMMUTER.—I don't know; but my father says Nebuchadnezzar was lucky he did n't have to cut it with a lawn-mower.

SOME OF the critics would have taken Santiago in an entirely different way, and some of them, it is probable, would n't have taken it at all.



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SHIFT THE ALARM.

AGENT.—This is the finest protection in the world. The burglar no sooner enters the house than it gives you the alarm.

MR. HUSSIFF.—Have n't you got one that will alarm the burglar?

A PRINCIPAL FEATURE.

UPTON.—There is one redeeming feature about those yellow journals.

DUNTON.—What is it?

UPTON.—Their supreme contempt for each other.



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KEEPING EVERLASTINGLY AT IT BRINGS SUCCESS.

AUNT PRUDENCE.—You may say all you will, Silas; but mark my words, there's something wrong with this here prosperity.

UNCLE HARDACRE.—Somethin' wrong? Great Thistles! Did n't I make dollars this year where I made cents last?

AUNT PRUDENCE.—That may be, Silas. But when men get so prosperous that they think there's no use in askin' the blessin' any more, I tell you, they're killin' the very fowl that's laid their golden eggs.

THE PROPER COURSE.

FIRST CITIZEN.—The true patriot should not grumble about his war taxes.

SECOND CITIZEN.—That's right! If he can't shift them to somebody else he should pay them and say nothing.

STRICTLY NEUTRAL.

MR. NEVERPEIGH.—Old Redash has declared neutrality at last.

MRS. NEVERPEIGH.—I don't understand you.

MR. NEVERPEIGH.—He has refused to let us have any coal.

THE TROUBLE with most of us is that when we're old enough to know better we're too old to want to.



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IN DANGEROUS COMPANY.

THE LAMB.—I hope you don't mean to eat me! I'm so sorry I did n't take Mama's advice!

THE BEAR.—What was that, my young friend?

THE LAMB.—She told me to associate exclusively with vegetarians.

NO OBJECTIONS TO CHILDREN.

EMPLOYMENT AGENT.—I have only one girl who does not object to children. She is a colored girl.

MADAM.—From Virginia?

AGENT.—No 'm. From the Cannibal Islands.—*New York Weekly.*

THE man who persistently takes no thought for to-morrow will awake some morning and find it is yesterday, and he won't be able to get over it.—*West Union Gazette.*

TALK about mysteries! What ever became of the fellows who started to go around the world without spending a cent?—*Roxbury Gazette.*



Rich in Bouquet
Sparkling in Brilliance
Creamy in Head
Mellow in Flavor

Evans' Ale

No harmful acidity
No false ferments
No yeast cells
No sediment

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EVERYWHERE!!!

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Eight-Day Personally-Conducted Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for a special eight-day personally-conducted tour to the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha on October 1, allowing four full days at the Exposition. Round-trip tickets, including transportation and Pullman berth in each direction, meals in dining car going and returning, hotel accommodations and meals at Omaha, admissions to the Fair, and carriage drive and hotel accommodations at Chicago, will be sold at rate of \$100 from New York; \$96 from Philadelphia; \$95 from Washington and Baltimore; \$91 from Williamsport and Harrisburg; \$80 from Pittsburgh; and proportionate rates from other points.

The party will be accompanied by a Tourist Agent and Chaperon, and will travel in special Pullman sleeping cars.

For the benefit of those who may desire to remain longer in Omaha, tickets will be made good to return on regular trains until November 15, inclusive. Such tickets include only railway transportation returning, with reduction of \$15 from above rates from all points.

For further information apply to ticket agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

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"Do you think that young actor has the personal magnetism—the convincing quality—which the successful actor must possess?"

"I am sure of it," replied Mr. Stormington Barnes, without a moment's hesitation; "he 's the only man who was ever able to get two weeks' salary from me in advance."
—*Washington Star.*

"YES, old boy; my wife is quoting you as an example to me."

"Ah! that's very nice of her."

"Yes; as an example to avoid."—*Roxbury Gazette.*

BUZWICK.—What is your idea of a wife?

WIZTOP.—A woman who is married.—*Roxbury Gazette.*



Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him

That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

Pepsalt...

Is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with Pepsalt and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. Pepsalt taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past. Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

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CAUSE FOR WORRY.

ALICE.—Oh, dear! I wish I knew whether Jack really loves me as much as he says he does?

BESS.—I would n't worry about it, dear.

ALICE.—I can't help it! If he does, I'm afraid he is foolish; and if he does n't, he is deceiving me.

"AMERICA'S GREAT RESORTS,"

48 pages, with map, sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp by GEORGE H. DANIELS, G. P. A., New York Central, New York.



Better use **WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP** next time

This man

has been persuaded to try one of the many substitutes offered in place of WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap. See the **Thin, Frothy Lather**. Note how quickly it dries. It "kills the razor," which pulls and "rasps." The face smart, burns and itches—the skin is parched and drawn. It's bound to make a man cross and miserable.

Danger lurks in such soaps too.

But this man

sticks to the "old reliable" **Williams' Shaving Soap**. Note the **Great, Rich, Creamy Lather**. It holds its moisture indefinitely—softens the beard—so that the razor cuts easily and without pulling. The face has a smooth, velvety, refreshed feeling after shaving. He feels jolly and contented, and at peace with the world.

Which of these men would you rather be?

A half Century of unrivalled popularity has demonstrated that **Williams' are the only Real Shaving Soaps**.

Williams' Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail, if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Sticks, 25c.

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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barbers') 6 cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet.

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Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50c.

Trial cake 2c. Stamp.

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Sydney, Australia:
161 Clarence St.

Williams' Exquisite "Jersey Cream" Toilet Soap, 15c.



A DIFFICULT SITUATION.

"I am afraid there is going to be some trouble about the hitch in the peace negotiations," said one Spanish official.

"Yes," answered the other, who had been reading about the Carlist preparations; "and, on the other hand, if we get unhitched there will probably be a runaway and a smash-up."—*Washington Star*.

DUE TO WATCH CASE PHOTOGRAPHY.

MRS. SWEET.—Is n't it strange that Harry will never permit Edith to open his watch?

MR. SWEET.—Humph! There must be another girl in the case.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

I noticed in *The Times's Saturday Review* of Feb. 12 a letter from Mr. William M. Morse, in which that gentleman dwelt upon his need of a list of books containing short stories of sufficient merit to be compared with "Van Bibber and Others," by Richard Harding Davis.

I would seriously advise Mr. Morse to procure a copy of "Short Sixes," by the late Henry C. Bunner, who was infinitely a better writer and a keener observer of the workings of human nature than Richard Harding Davis. Having read "Short Sixes," Mr. Morse will undoubtedly desire to read something more of the same description from the pen of Bunner, which he may find in a little volume entitled "More Short Sixes." This latter book was published shortly after the enormous success of the former, and is virtually a continuation of it. Both these volumes contain many captivating tales, most of them written in a humorous vein, with little touches of pathos, such as Bunner alone knew how to apply. **WALLACE D. JENNINGS.**

New York, Feb. 14, 1898.

—*N. Y. Times*, March 26, 1898.

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PLOTTING FOR REVENGE.

SANTIAGO WOMAN.—It's foolish to bury your diamonds in such a place. A soldier is sure to find them!

SANTIAGO ACTRESS.—That's why I've chosen this spot. He'll die of heart disease when he learns their actual value.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

ENTERPRISE.
"Why did that manager engage those two jealous sopranos and those two rival comedians?"
"He's going in for realism. He says he's going to put on a war opera with some real war in it."—*Washington Star*.

BOOL.—Has Wheelaway got a good position?

EVARD.—First-rate—except when he is riding his bicycle.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

Pears'

We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to. If not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.

If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clean and soft and open and clear.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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A book about buying, wearing and caring for shoes, mailed free. Address **ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philada., Pa.**

TRUE TO ITS MISSION.

ELSIE.—I wonder what it was that caused the explosion between Mamie and Mr. Price?

EMMA.—I've understood that Ensign Worth gave her a miniature torpedo to be worn as a brooch.—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

THE Professor had fallen downstairs, and, as he thoughtfully picked himself up he remarked: "I wonder what noise that was I just heard."—*Prison Mirror*.



AVOIDING OFFENSIVE PARTISANSHIP.

FIRST SUBURBANITE.—You have not been very active in temperance work, lately.
SECOND SUBURBANITE.—Well, you see our present cook drinks, and she might be touchy about it.

If you wish a dry, fruity wine with a delicious flavor drink **Cook's Imperial Champagne**, extra dry.

A royal road to good digestion:—via Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters. Good for the stomach, pleasant to taste. Get only the genuine—Abbott's.

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THEN TRY

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MARIANI WINE--The Famous Tonic for Body and Brain.

Mariani Wine gives power to the brain, strength and elasticity to the muscles and richness to the blood. It is a promoter of good health and longevity.

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Experience has shown that all other specifics recommended for these purposes have proved failures.

Send for circular.

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MULHENS & KROPPF, . . . NEW YORK.

JOHNNY.—Queer is n't it that our new minister has lots of hair on his chin and none on the top of his head?
WILLY.—Yes, it is; I'll bet he's transplanted it by scratching his head and rubbing his chin.
—Adams Freeman.

A VALUABLE DOG.

BILKINS.—Bothered by a piano next door, eh? Well, I have a dog which always howls when my wife plays the piano—howls so she has to stop; and I'd let you have him if it was n't for one thing.

WILKINS.—Is he cross?

BILKINS.—No; I can't spare him.—
New York Weekly.

POZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER
makes them
beautiful.
TRY IT.

Take no Substitute.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE 50¢



HE EXPLAINS.

UNCLE JOSH.—Did n't you never have a watch?
UNCLE SILAS.—No;—when I was young I wanted one, but then they was too dear; an' now they 're gettin' so durned cheap I don't care if I never get one.

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Of the Purest Stimulant,
Ripened by Age and Mellow, by selecting always

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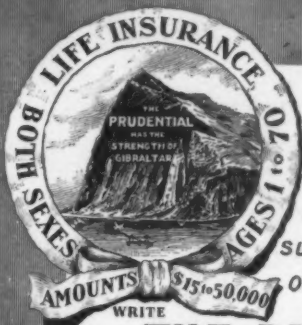
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PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Gentlemen:

I have had marked curative results in the use
of "Great Western Champagne" made
by your company, following the most severe
attacks of "Cholera Morbus." Toning up the
stomach, bringing back its vigor and promot-
ing appetite. One of the worst cases of this
disease I have ever seen was under my care a
few weeks ago. Though all the symptoms had
been subdued by proper treatment, yet the
patient, who had not partaken of food for two
days, was fully restored as to appetite and
strength in a most surprising manner by sip-
ping small glasses of the "Great Western"
made very cold by placing on ice.

Observing this, I wish to inquire if you have
any literature on the subject of the manner in
which your brand of champagne is made, and
the particular grape used. If so, please com-
municate with me, as I am interested in the
matter not only in this particular case but in
several others of a like character where it has
been put to the test.

Very truly yours,

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PREFERS SOMETHING ELSE.

VISITOR.—Why do they call Colonel Swallowby "Old Hoss?"
NATIVE.—Because they can lead him to water, but they can't make him drink it.

The only cyclometer that
is "fool proof" and can-
not become deranged
is the

Veeder CYCLOMETER

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WATER PROOF
POSITIVE ACTION
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durable lustre; never spots; guaranteed pound box 25c. at
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BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

ALL TASTES SUITED.

EMPLOYMENT AGENT.—Th' top o' th' mornin' t' ye, Biddy Maloney. Oi've
found a place fur ye. Go to the strate and number ye foind on this card.

DOMESTIC.—Shure, it's a noice neighborhood. Oi'll go.

AGENT.—Wait a minute, Biddy. Take off that French cap. It's not a
French maid but a American gur-rl they wants.—*New York Weekly.*

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wise man."—WALTON

When you smoke a pipe,
you smoke economically!
When you smoke a pipe:
—smoke

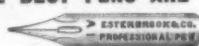
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PUCK.



AFTER THE CEREMONY.

MISS INNIT.—Why do women always cry at a wedding, Mama?
 MRS. INNIT.—The married ones cry, my child, because they know how it is themselves,
 and the unmarried ones because they don't.

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